

I get filthy when that liquor gets into me by jawsbite

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

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Summary:

After the events of Derry, Richie likes to stay in touch with all his friends. He's not worried he's going to forget them again or anything... no. So when Eddie calls him at midnight with a problem, Richie rightfully worries. He would never in a million years have expected it to be such a...stimulating conversation.

1. i've been thinking, I've been thinking

Author's Note:

i love this one i hope you do too <3

It's been almost two months since Richie came back to LA after the whole clown fiasco. By some miracle, all the losers made it out alive and now they have to go back to their regular lives. Richie still isn't sure how they managed that one. It was touch and go with Eddie for a minute there, you know, with the giant clown leg in his guts. If Richie had anything to do with it, he'd be the only clown with his parts in Eddie's guts, *thank you very much*.

Richie doesn't like remembering the way he felt when he was sure that he was about to watch the love of his life die in front of him. He hasn't cried that much since he thought Bowers was going to murder him at fourteen for being a gay boy. Oh, did anyone else ever forgotten the only boy they ever loved, only to remember him as soon as they saw him in a Chinese restaurant? No, just Richie? That's okay, it'll make unique content for his future stand-up shows.

Now that everyone is well and doesn't require a tube to breathe, they have plans to see each other soon. With a clown no longer trying to murder them they're hoping they won't forget each other any time soon, *hopefully*. Richie will still occasionally panic that he's going to wake up one day and forget about the most important people in his world. So, he calls and video chats. Facetime is his favourite app ever. Whoever thought of it was a genius. He holds the record for the most pictures sent of himself at unflattering angles.

He bothers each individual Loser until they have to tell him it's going to be okay now. It's safe to say they talk every day. Their group chat is *lit*. He may be becoming a little co-dependent. Whatever. He's finally seeing a therapist. He *is* getting better. He's only seen Stan, Ben and Bev since Derry. They had dinner together. It was really nice. The other Losers were too busy to eat apparently. Mike left for a road trip soon after they all parted ways but he plans to see them all as pitstops on his route. Bill is busy writing his new book based on their childhood. He's supposed to visit as soon as he's done too, so he

says. Richie secretly thinks Mike and Bill could be hooking up. It's fine though, they all plan to see each other in two weeks in LA for Richie's come back show.

As for Eddie, he's been dealing with a lot of new life changes. Richie still remembers the way his heart skipped a beat when he saw the group text notification from Eddie telling them all he was getting a divorce. Richie had never been so happy for a marriage to fall apart. Richie texts Eddie every day, under the guise of being annoying, but he just wants to know how Eddie is doing. If he's okay, if he's happy, if he plans to start dating any time soon, if he'd consider dating a man, all those kinds of things...

Anyway.

Richie still can't get over the fact that he forgot about Eddie and the others for so long. But Eddie, that one hurt. Eddie was his first love. He didn't realize that the emptiness he left all these years was a life without Eddie. Without his stupid facts and relentless loyalty. Now that he remembers, he walks around with the weight of missing Eddie on his chest every day. Days like today, he really wouldn't mind an Eddie snuggle.

Richie is bored now. He hates living alone. All he's done since he got back is work on his new material, which now includes jokes about being a gay man instead of a straight man. Big changes. He's nervous, but he's ready to finally take this step. He's done hiding and being ashamed of who he loves. He came out to the Losers a few weeks ago in their group chat so they all already know about it.

His fingers had been shaking while he wrote the text but he thought that if it was going to end badly, he'd rather cut the cord now than later on when it would hurt even more. But surprisingly, to Richie's paranoia anyway, this is how it went:

Me: omg guys guess which celeb is coming out as gay

Bev Marsh, HRH: Kristen Stewart?

B-b-bill: Janelle Monae?

Eddie, my love: Neil Patrick Harris?

Me: They've all already come out you loveable dumbasses

Bev Marsh, HRH: Omg is it Daisy Ridley? I LOVE her

Ben the Ten: I bet its Drake

Me: WRONG. You're never gonna get it.

B-b-bill: Don't out someone without their permission Rich!

Me: I'll give you a clue

Me: It's a comedian

Eddie, my love: Richie....

Bev Marsh, HRH: WAIT RICH

B-b-bill: Kevin Hart's coming out?

Me: You're so fuckin stupid sometimes Billiam

Me: IT'S ME! I'M THE FLAMING HOMO!

B-b-bill: Ohhh. Okay. Glad to hear it. Ooh, can I change your character in the book to have a crush on one of the other boys? Is that cool?

Me: totally cool. 😊 it'll definitely boost your sales too; your books are so heteronormative.

B-b-bill: So are your shitty stand up shows.

Me: Sent GIF of [Michael Scott Grimacing]

Me: Ouch! You got me there.

Bev Marsh, HRH: I'm so proud of you sweetie! We're here for you if you need it <3

Ben the Ten: What Bev said, love you Rich.

Me: <3333333333

Mike Wazowski: If I wasn't your first crush, I'm gonna be so disappointed.

Me: You know, I think it was love at first sight, Mikey.

Stan the Man: I knew it. Ha! GAAAAY.

Stan the Man: Sent GIF of [Ken Jeong Ha Gay]

Me: You knew nothing. Fuck you, Stan.

Stan the Man: Love you.

Eddie, my love: It took you 40 years to come out? Wow, Tozier. That makes so much sense. I was always so confused when It kept trying to scare us with closets.

Me: Wow, fuck you too Eddie.

Eddie, my love: Yeah, I'm sure you'd love to fuck me.

Me: HAHA THE GAY JOKES HAVE ALREADY STARTED HAHA RICHIE IS GAY

Eddie, my love: I'm proud of you Richie.

Me: Thank you, guys. <3

And that was that. They didn't treat him any differently, he's not sure why he thought they would. It's just the paranoia of not being the norm. Eddie had made Richie feel even better when he'd sent a separate text telling him how happy he was that Richie could finally live as his true self. The gay care package the group had sent to him was also really amusing. When he'd opened it, he was bombarded with rainbow glitter. The box itself was filled with gay flags, memorabilia, and rainbow bath bombs. He may have teared up a little. It made him miss his Losers so hard.

As he's thinking of his friends his phone vibrates wildly on his desk, startling him as he tries to pick it up before it falls to the floor. He

drops it once and then drops it again when he sees the name on the screen. *Eddie, my love* flashes across his phone. It's not that he and Eddie don't talk on the phone often, it's just very rare that Eddie will call first. Especially when it's almost midnight. Eddie has usually tucked himself in by now, silk pajamas and matching eye mask on. Richie knows he wears them from their facetime sessions.

"Eddie?" Richie says hesitantly when he answers the phone. He worries Eddie might be in some trouble or upset. He's been a little distant lately, talking less in the group chat and answering texts later than usual but Richie was too scared to ask what was wrong.

"*Richie*," Eddie murmurs warmly and Richie shivers at the tone of his voice.

"Eduardo, mi amigo, is everything okay? Are you hurt? Did you hit your head?"

"Mmm, I'm fine Richie." Eddie giggles. "I think I drank too much. I feel loose."

Richie goes rigid. Even though the Losers had a little to drink at the Chinese restaurant, none of them had actually gotten wasted. He's always secretly wanted to know what drunk Eddie would look like. He's always so tight and proper, but now he's worried he might be the kind of drunk to end up hurting himself.

"I think I'd have to agree with you on that one, Eds. Why did you get drunk? Are you okay?" He asks again, literally seconds away from booking a plane ticket if Eddie needs anything from him.

Eddie sighs and Richie can hear him rustling around a little. Richie inhales deeply. He's really worried now. Has Eddie decided he doesn't need the Losers anymore like they desperately need him?

"I've been thinking too much, want it to stop." Eddie breathes. "Miss you."

Oh. So Drunk Eddie is an Affectionate Eddie. Richie can get down with that.

"I miss you too, Eddiekins." Richie flushes. "Also, nice one, trying the

good old alcohol trick to stop thinking so much. I use that one often. I highly recommend it.” Richie can hear him pouting over the phone. Richie officially declares Drunk Eddie is also a Very Cute Eddie.

“Hmm, it’s not working. I’m still thinking about it.”

Richie scratches his forehead. “Do you want to talk about it?”

“No, I can’t.” Eddie groans. “Can’t tell you.”

“Why not?”

“It’s about you.”

Richie’s stomach almost falls out of his ass, “What do you mean, Eds?”

“I’ve been thinking about you.”

Richie laughs nervously, “what about me?”

“Just thinking about you Richie,” Eddie says breathily. “Can’t stop, don’t know how.”

“What?” Richie stutters. Surely Eddie doesn’t mean that in the way Richie is thinking, right? “What exactly have you been thinking about?” He needs to lower his hopes before he gets shot in the ass or says something stupid which will ruin everything.

“God, you don’t know how much.” Eddie slurs. “Can’t keep it to myself anymore. Want you.”

Richie goes rigid. He’s pretty sure his jaw is comically dragging across the floor. What does Eddie mean by he *wants* Richie? Does he need his help? He’s too scared to interrupt Eddie in case he realizes what he’s saying is absolutely insane. He wants to know everything Eddie has to say even if this is the only time he’s ever going to hear it. Even if Eddie doesn’t mean any of it.

“Just wanna feel your arms wrapped around me,” Eddie murmurs.

Oh, so he’s just one of those drunks who get so touchy-feely it’s

borderline gay. Richie sighs. It's still super cute.

"Can't stop thinking about what you'd look like in my bedroom, laid out on my sheets. Underneath me. Wanna kiss you so bad."

What. The. Fuck.

Richie stares blankly at his phone screen, pinches himself just to make sure this is real and then puts the phone on loudspeaker. He's not missing any of this.

"It would be so good. Can't stop thinking about how it would feel to have you all around me. Put my hands on your hips and kiss my way down to your-" Eddie lets out an aroused noise which sends a thrill through Richie's core. "Wanna get my hands and mouth on your body so bad, god, fuck."

Richie hears the sound of unzipping and the rush of heat that makes its way through him could make his body disintegrate into a pile of ash right there. The slick sound that follows after makes Richie whimper. Eddie continues, "Wanna stretch you out like no-one ever has, keep filling you up again and again until your throat is aching from begging for it to deeper. I keep thinking about being inside of you."

Richie's eyes flutter shut, his body throbbing from the words coming out of Eddie's mouth. He rubs a palm across his crotch to relieve himself a little of the aching hard-on he's got right now.

"You know at the restaurant," Eddie starts, still slurring a little, "when we were arm wrestling, your hand in my hand, all I could think was 'wow, his hands are so nice and big' and then I couldn't stop thinking about your fingers inside me. When I thought I was dying I kept thinking about how I might have lost my chance. And then you told us you were gay and I thought maybe I had a chance but what would you want with a hypochondriac mess like me," Eddie rambles, making Richie's heartache because all he wants is Eddie, just the way he is.

"But maybe if I could show you how good I could make you feel, I just wanna make you smile and laugh every day, wanna hear the

kind of sounds you make when someone's inside of you-" Eddie cuts himself off again with a high pitched moan, which Richie responds with his own, letting Eddie hear the exact kind of sounds Richie makes.

"That's nice," Eddie moans, sounding completely wrecked now, "Those kinds of sounds would make me start slow and tease you until you're crying for it to be deeper. I'd hold your hips against mine until you came without having to touch your dick."

Where the fuck did Eddie learn this A+ dirty talk? Richie thinks while he strokes himself over his sweatpants.

"It'd be so perfect," Eddie whimpers, "Wanna know what it feels like to be inside you so bad, Rich."

Richie can hear the slick sound of skin against skin get louder and more desperate and Richie is gonna pass the fuck out, "Fuck, oh fuck, Richie, I'm gonna-" Eddie lets loose a string of moans, interspersed with Richie's name, which gets louder and more euphoric until-

The phone goes dead. Richie gets up so fast he almost falls back on his ass. He stares at his phone in disbelief. *You gotta be fucking kidding me.* His screen is blank. He taps it hard twice and it doesn't budge. Tries switching it on but the battery warning comes up. The phone died. Shit. Shit. *Shit!* Eddie's gonna think he fucking hung up on him!

Richie reaches over for his charger, plugs his phone in and waits. He looks down pitifully at his tenting cock. He's still so turned on he groans pathetically. He wanted to come with Eddie over the phone so bad. Well actually if it was up to him, he'd be in that bed with Eddie right now, kissing his silly drunk ass and putting him to bed, burying his face in his warmth.

He wraps a hand around his cock and gaps at the stimulation. He thinks about all the things Eddie said. Thinks about how perfectly he would fit pressed up against Richie's body, the way he's so much funnier than Richie, how Richie's cheek's hurt from smiling whenever he's around Eddie. Knowing that Eddie thinks about him like that while he gets himself off is what finally pushes Richie over the edge.

A few minutes later Richie's phone turns back on but there are no notifications from Eddie or anyone else. He tries ringing Eddie but he doesn't pick up. Richie's not surprised. Eddie's either fallen asleep since he was pretty drunk, which is what the rational part of Richie's brain agrees with.

However, the irrational part of Richie's brain is screaming at him that Eddie is completely horrified over what happened and regrets everything he said and plans to never speak to Richie ever again. The irrational part of his brain wins. If he has to fight for his friendship with Eddie, he doesn't want to do it over the phone. Richie logs into his airline app and buys a plane ticket from LA to New York.

He'll be outside Eddie's apartment in eight hours.

2. time to back up all that mouth

Summary for the Chapter:

Richie lands in New York and Eddie's hungover.

Notes for the Chapter:

Enjoy!!!! <3

In the last eight hours, Richie has dealt with a uber-chatty uber driver, a crying baby and a mom who didn't care enough to get her to stop during a long-ass flight. He was on edge with no sleep and five minutes away from Eddie's new apartment with a thankfully quiet driver. He's been unconsciously twitching since he left his apartment. He'd left with enough battery to show his ticket at the airport but it died again once he got on the plane so he still hasn't heard back from Eddie. He just about managed to grab his jacket and backpack. It's ten am in New York when he lands and he hoping since it's a Sunday, Eddie will be home to answer the door otherwise Richie might be sitting on his ass for a few hours with no way of getting in touch with Eddie.

Eight hours is an awfully long time to think about shit Richie doesn't like to think about. He hates how he thinks this could be a trap. Is it possible that this could be It? Is he still alive and trying to trick Richie into coming for him? Does It know how to use a smartphone? Maybe he turned into Eddie and called Richie to trick him into coming here and then...okay he's thinking too much now. There's no way it's Pennywise. That motherfucker is dead. But what's even scarier than Pennywise is that Eddie could be extremely regretful about what happened and will just cut Richie out of his life entirely. Then the really crazy part of Richie thinks about how sincere and longing Eddie had sounded on the phone. What if this actually works out in Richie's favour?

What if Eddie did really mean what he said? What if he did want to be with Richie? Can alcohol really make you think you're in love with someone when you actually aren't? There are way too many questions that Richie doesn't know the answer to and knows he'll

only find out by asking Eddie but torturing himself is his favourite past time. Richie's not too sure what he's going to do when he gets there but he knows he's got to put himself out on the line. Forty years is too long to keep a secret to yourself. He wants Eddie so he's going to go for it and if Eddie doesn't want him, well, it's his bad.

He's jolted out of his thoughts when the car pulls up to the kerb. He looks up at Eddie's apartment complex and considers asking the driver to turn back around and take him back to the airport. *Pussy*, he thinks to himself. As terrified as he is, he cracks a goofy smile. Eddie is only four floors away. He's going to see him today. Richie should have flown out to see him months ago.

Richie pays the driver and then walks up the steps that bring him closer to Eddie. He thought he'd be waiting around for hours but luckily someone is leaving the building and holds the door open for Richie to be let through. That's a good sign, *right*? He makes his way to Eddie's apartment, number 27, and has to take five minutes to work up the nerve to finally knock. His heart is beating erratically at the scuffling noises beyond the door. His life could change at any moment now. He's not sure if it'll be for the better or the worst, but he needs to know.

He lurches a little when he hears the locks being undone and he's clumsy enough to fall through the door as it opens, but Eddie's right there to grab him. He's rumpled and sleepy and his hair is a mess but it's his Eddie. Holding him. And wow, Eddie's shirtless and in low-hanging sweatpants. He's already ten times happier than he was back in LA just basking in his presence. Scratch that, after registering Eddie's happy trail he's a hundred times happier.

"Rich?" Eddie yawns, rubbing his eye boogers away. *Damn, he's so cute*. Richie wants to wake up to this every day he thinks he would sell his soul to the devil for it. "Are you really here or am I dreaming?"

Cute, cute, cute.

"I'm really here, Eds." Richie chuckles fondly. He takes a look around Eddie's apartment. "Yikes Eddie, this place is *too* clean."

“That’s just because you live in a pigsty, some of us are not trying to wake up to ants all over our kitchen.” Eddie’s face scrunches up in confusion, still looking a little hungover from the night before. “What are you doing here?”

“We spoke...last night?” Richie falters. When Eddie looks at him in confusion, Richie steps out of his embrace and a sense of coldness takes over. Is Eddie pretending like it didn’t happen?

“We did?” Eddie blinks in surprise. “I’m sorry man, I got a little upset last night and drank a lot, I probably drunk dialled a lot of people.” Eddie laughs, but it’s hollow. “Then I passed out pretty hard. I don’t remember much...” A panicked look crosses Eddie’s face, “I didn’t say anything I shouldn’t have said, did I?”

Richie’s blunt fingernails press so hard into his palms, he might be bleeding but doesn’t care. A heavy feeling sets in his stomach and he just might throw up all over Eddie’s floorboards. Eddie just broke his heart and he doesn’t even know it. He doesn’t remember *shit*.

He can play it off as a joke or be honest with Eddie for once in his life.

He tries playing it off as a joke first.

“Why?” Richie asks, “Worried you admitted to how you actually can’t stand me?”

Eddie rolls his eyes, but he’s smiling. “I don’t need to be drunk to tell you that.”

Richie lets out a quick bark of laughter, “Well fuck you too, Edward Kasprak!”

Eddie gives him an affectionately exasperated look but then frowns. “Why would you fly all the way to New York after a phone conversation?” Eddie laughs a hitch-pitched, nervous titter. “Richie... what did we talk about?”

Alright, here goes nothing. Butterflies explode in his stomach as he takes a step forward. He’s going to tell Eddie how he feels, even if it goes down messier than the Titanic. His heart is in his throat but he

manages to stumble out, "You said something about putting your hands on me."

Eddie shakes his head fondly, "Like trying to beat the crap out of you?"

A slow wavering smile forms on Richie's face, "Actually, more like this." Richie grabs a hold of him and pulls him in close. One of his hand's ghosts over Eddie's bare chest, just above his scar, while his other cradles his soft cheek. Both hands are shaking. Eddie jolts fully awake at that and Richie finds that hilarious until he realises the look on Eddie's face is very much fear.

Richie sucks in a breath and finally tells the truth. "You said you couldn't stop thinking about me. Which I was really fucking ecstatic to hear because I can't stop thinking about you either if I'm honest. For like, 27 years. Even when I forgot about you," Richie whispers.

Eddie goes stiff in his arms and Richie watches as his mouth slowly drops open. His wide eyes are unblinking. It's been a minute and he still hasn't said anything. He's suddenly realising just because Eddie said those things, doesn't mean they were true. Richie becomes very aware of his own heartbeat and his sinking feeling from earlier that this wasn't going to go well is confirmed by the on-going silence. Heart pounding, Richie removes his hands from Eddie. "Well uh, I guess I'm going to head out Eduardo, it was nice knowing you!" He reaches for the door handle to get the hell out of there.

"Wait!" It seems that Richie trying to leave finally jerks Eddie out of his trance and Eddie grabs his arm to stop him from leaving. Or maybe it's to just tell him to never speak to him again. Richie's worries are confirmed when he sees the look on Eddie's face. He looks outraged. "Is this a prank asshole?"

"No!" Richie shouts defensively. "You uh, you said you wanted to be with me. Like you want to take me out on dates, suck my dick and then spend the rest of the night snuggling." Richie swallows but keeps going. He can't really turn back now. "Now I don't know if you just become like, gay, when your drunk, but if you meant it, I really want to take you up on that." When Richie glances at Eddie again, this time he looks terrified. "Did you mean it, Eds? Because if you

didn't, we can pretend I never came here and that this conversation never happened."

"Wow." Eddie's lips open in disbelief. "Did I really say I wanted to suck your dick?"

"Yeah," Richie burst into a full belly laugh. "But that's like on the tamer side of what you said."

"Shit." Eddie blushes. "I gotta stop drinking."

"No way. Drunk Eddie is something straight out of my fantasies, but Eds, you're killing me." Richie's sweating through his shirt. "Tell me, do you want that, do you want to be with me?"

Eddie's eyes soften. "I guess I do."

Richie's eyes flutter shut at the words leaving Eddie's soft lips. "Fuck. This is probably too soon but fuck it. I love you Eddie, so fucking much. Since fucking forever." He confesses shakily. He's imagined telling Eddie how he feels so many times but nothing could have prepared him for the feeling of finally getting to admit how he feels.

Eddie grabs his hand and grins at him. "I love you too." And nothing can compare to the way Richie feels when he hears those words. He's got Eddie in his long arms within seconds of the words coming out of his mouth, holding him so tight he could absorb him.

Eddie squeezes him tight and rests his head on Richie's shoulder. "So, what else did I say?"

Richie smirks. "Nuh-uh, that's a secret I'm keeping between me and Drunk Eddie."

"Jackass."

"*Your* jackass." Richie beams at him.

"Yeah. You are." Eddie rolls his eyes warmly. "If you won't tell me what I said, how about you show me?"

Richie raises an eyebrow him and his stomach clenches. "Really?"

“Yeah, come on,” Eddie beckons softly.

Richie watches in awe as Eddie takes his hand and leads him to a bedroom that he’s only seen glimpses off on Facetime. He sits down on the edge of the bed and scoots back towards the pillow and Richie follows him, kneeling on the bed and tentatively hovering over him. They’re both breathing hard for relatively fit middle-aged men who haven’t done anything yet.

Eddie closes his eyes and exhales deeply.

“Hey Eds, you okay?”

“Yeah, I uh, I just feel sixteen again,” Eddie admits and then like an actual sixteen-year-old, covers his eyes with both hands. He peeks an eye out through his fingers and they both dissolve into hysterics.

“I feel it too Eds. This is everything I’ve wanted since I was a kid.” Richie whispers, rubbing his thumb across the edge of Eddie’s cheekbone.

“Me too, Rich,” Eddie says with a watery smile.

Richie scoffs, but he’s sure his smile is shaky too, “Pussy,”

“Fuck you!” Eddie half-heartedly slugs at him which causes them both to roll over and Richie grunts when Eddie lands on top of him, knee digging into his hip.

“Move your bony ass, Kaspbrak.” He complains, but he’s not mad at all.

“Fine.” Eddie adjusts himself until he’s pressed against Richie. Richie can feel him through his sweats. Richie watches Eddie lick his lip and swallows hard. He has to resist biting Eddie’s lip and wraps an arm around him instead. “For the record, it’s always been you. I mean, I know I forgot about you for multiple decades but I was always comparing every other person to you even if I never knew it. They could never measure up.”

“*Richie*,” Eddie rasps, nuzzling into his neck.

“It’s true.”

“Yeah, same.” Eddie kisses his forehead, then plants a kiss on his cheek. The edge of his bottom lip. On his nose. Richie chokes out Eddie’s name when their lips meet, gasps at the sensation of their tongues gently brushing. His first taste of Eddie. It tastes like friendship and memories and love.

It’s perfect.

Eddie pulls away from his lips and puts his mouth on Richie’s throat, kissing his neck, most likely going to leave marks that Richie is going to *love* seeing on his skin. Richie can only gasp and roll his hips into Eddie, desperate for friction. Gentle fingers trail from his shoulder to the small of his back and Richie sucks in a breath at the contact. He’s never wanted to be so consumed entirely but someone in his entire life. He lets out a low curse at the delicious weight of Eddie pressing him down onto the bed and slides his hands down Eddie’s back and grips his ass until every inch of their bodies is touching.

“That’s it,” Eddie murmurs, rocking into him. Richie tugs and Eddie comes eagerly, pressing his lips to Richie’s wet, open, pliant mouth. Richie jerks his hips up and his eyes roll back at the sensation of his cock rubbing against Eddie’s through their sweatpants. “Oh God,” Eddie gasps, “Touch me please” so Richie does, spreading his palm over his ass and pulling him in closer while he tugs one of Eddie’s nipples between his teeth causing Eddie to release a hot gasp.

Richie’s harder than he’s ever been in his life. He feels lightheaded but that might be because all the blood in his body is currently heading straight to his dick. Richie groans when Eddie pulls away but he grabs Richie’s hips and begins to kiss his way down Richie’s stomach, just like he said he would last night. He grips Eddie’s soft hair, watching in awe as he gets closer to Richie’s hard dick.

“Mmm,” Eddie hums, “you taste just as good as I imagined you would.”

Richie whimpers when Eddie’s hand unties his sweatpants and then finds his dick, wrapping a loose hand around him. His eyes flutter shut when Eddie starts to stroke. He can’t see Eddie hands on him but

through his sweats, it looks like the hottest thing ever. The heat coiling in Richie's gut pulls tighter. He wants Eddie so badly he could burst from it, wants to feel him inside his body, holding him down tight until he can't breathe anything but Eddie's air.

"Get naked?" Eddie asks.

"Fuck yeah, holy shit, let me get this crap off." Richie sits up and grabs the back of his t-shirt to slide it over his head. Once he's got that crap off, he lifts his hips and peels off his briefs. He's hit with a stroke of genius and throws them at Eddie's head. Eddie sputters and bats them away. He only stops laughing when Eddie pulls off his own sweats revealing his hard prick. His cock is a thing of beauty. Richie's mouth waters.

It's *right* there.

He's daydreamed about that cock a *lot*. Richie could have that cock in his mouth in less than five seconds. And the rest of his body? Wow. Way to make Richie feel insecure. But shit, his man is *hot*. He doesn't realise until Eddie gives him a playful smirk that he is literally gaping.

"Holy fucking shit Eddie. I want that cock inside of me now, *please*,"

"You're going to have to wait."

Richie decides he's waited long enough to get his hands on Eddie Kaspbrak. Richie wraps a palm around Eddie's dick, fingertips brushing the head and Eddie's back arches a little. His eyes are heavy-lidded. "Fuck," Richie murmurs. He's dreamt so long about what a lust-filled Eddie would look like and it's better than he ever imagined.

Eddie knocks his hand off and wraps his around both of them. "Fuck, that's so hot baby," Richie whimpers.

"Yeah, you like that?" Eddie asks, sweat dripping down his forehead.

"So much, oh fuck, oh fuck, faster, I'm gonna come," Richie whines.

"Fuck, the sounds you're making Rich," Eddie pants.

Their cocks slide against each other and the friction is driving Richie insane. Their mouths find each other again, tongues sliding against each other and both their cocks are leaking so much no lube is required to make this a slip and slide. Richie is *this* close to coming, he can feel it building in the throbbing of his cock but Eddie doesn't let it happen. He lets out the loudest groan when Eddie lets go of the both of them.

"You hate me, don't you? You secretly hate me and thought the best revenge would be to make me confess my feelings for you, bring me to the brink of orgasm and then leave me to die."

Eddie rolls his eyes, "Stop being so dramatic. I just don't want us to come until I'm inside you."

"Oh." Richie blinks.

"That okay with you?" Eddie asks like he already knows the answer.

"Yep, okay, I'm down with that." Richie nods rapidly.

Richie watches in fascination as Eddie reaches over to his bedside drawer to grab the lube, which he'll definitely be enquiring about later, and sits between Richie's big thighs. Richie's cock spurts a little as he watches Eddie slick up his fingers and press them against his ass.

"Lift one of your knees up, babe." Eddie requests. "Can I put my fingers inside you?"

"I'll elope with Mike if you don't."

"Bitch please, he's totally hooking up with Bill."

"I know right?!"

"I knew it wasn't just me! We'll talk about that later."

Richie's ass clenches in anticipation as soon as he feels the tip of Eddie's finger circling his asshole. He lifts up his other knee, putting himself on display to let Eddie know he's all fucking in to be fingered to hell.

“Is that good?”

“It’s fucking magnificent, Eds.”

Eddie laughs at him and then teases him for a few more moment before slipping his finger inside, the other hand stroking Richie’s leaking cock. Soon enough a second finger joins the first and Richie gasps at how thick his fingers feel. He’s thrumming with anticipation at how much thicker his cock is going to feel inside of him. After three fingers Richie is moaning loud enough to have Eddie’s neighbours banging on the walls but they both ignore them. Richie squirms against his fingers, pushing his ass out when Eddie won’t give him more.

“Fuck, you’re so evil, just put your dick in me already,” Richie pants. “I need more, please.”

“Since you asked so nicely,” Eddie grunts, slowly removing his fingers from torturing Richie’s prostrate. And then Richie’s jaw drops when Eddie sucks those three fingers into his mouth, leaving Richie speechless.

“Holy shit, that’s the hottest thing I’ve ever seen in my entire life.”

Eddie's eyes are glinting. “Just wait for this next part.”

Richie gapes at Eddie as he applies lube to his dick and positions it until it’s nudging at Richie’s hole. Richie’s back arches as Eddie pushes forward and eases the tip of his dick past Richie’s entrance. He gasps, digging his nails into Eddie’s back when Eddie slides in deeper, their hips pressing together.

Richie can feel him throbbing inside of him. “Holy shit, Eds. You’re inside of me.” When he looks up at Eddie, his eyes are glassy and his cheeks are flushed. Richie doesn’t think he’ll last another minute if he’s lucky,

“Fuck, I know,” Eddie looks down at where their bodies meet like he doesn’t believe it either. Eddie pushes slow, letting Richie get used to the feeling. The sight of his cock slowly thrusting in and out of his body makes him is the hottest thing he’s ever seen. He’s sure he’s

already thought that a hundred different times since Eddie answered the door shirtless, but it's not Richie's fault Eddie keeps outdoing himself in his level of hotness.

"Oh God," Richie groans when Eddie grabs his pulsating dick in his fist and begins to stroke it. His body floods with desire and Richie wraps his legs around Eddie's ass and rocks up to meet every stroke. "Harder, Eds. I can take it, c'mon, wanna come."

Eddie finally takes pity on Richie and yanks his hips to pull him closer and begins to fuck him really hard. Richie bites his lip to stop from screaming when Eddie slams into him. Every fucking stroke of Eddie's dick is hitting that spot inside of him. "Holy shit, I'd be inside you every day if I could, all the time and never leave you," Eddie babbles as he fucks into Richie faster.

Richie can tell Eddie is losing control, his muscles straining. "Fuck Eddie, I fucking love your dick." Eddie huffs a laugh as he thrusts erratically, little groans escaping his mouth with every push. "God Richie, I'm gonna come inside of you, is that okay?" Richie begs in response, his voice breaking. "yeah baby, please, fuck,". Each thrust of Eddie's cock has a tight and desperate noise punching out of Richie's gut. Eddie comes deep inside of him, hips stuttering. The sight of Eddie's face twisted in orgasm has Richie's cock throbbing coming untouched all over Eddie's stomach, "Yes, oh fuck, yes," Richie cries. He wouldn't be surprised if he did have tears falling down his face right now at how good that fucking felt.

After a few moments of calming down, Richie slowly unwraps his legs from Eddie's waist. Eddie smiles and leans down to kiss him and Richie tips his head up so eagerly it's almost embarrassing. It's soft but intimately deep as Eddie licks into his mouth and then slowly pulls away. They both go lax.

Richie curls up against him, yanks him into his arms so that his back is flush with his chest. Richie can feel himself purring, making a soft humming noise at being so close to Eddie. This is where Richie wants to spend the rest of his nights. He rests a hand on Eddie taut stomach and buries his nose in Eddie's hair. He smells of strawberries and sex. He leans forward so that he can press kisses to his face. "My Eddie," Richie says adoringly. He can't believe he actually got the guy. For

once, his gay ass is winning at life and he couldn't be happier.

"Mmm," Eddie says sleepily, "Yours, Richie."

*

Seven months later, Richie has a sold-out tour and he's finally come out to the world on the biggest stage he could find with his fiancé, Eddie, in the front row, beaming at him so proudly. Richie has no idea how a drunk phone call could change his entire life, but the smartest decision he ever made was getting onto a plane to see Eddie. He finally made some right choices.

Notes for the Chapter:

please comment & leave kudos, they feed me <3

Author's Note:

dum dum duuuuh what will happen when richie gets to new york? find out soon! spoiler alert: it's gonna be goooood :)

love you for reading, please comment & leave kudos if you're up for it! also looking for it stans to befriend (she said not creepily) on twitter @reddiehusbands

Also! I have two other reddie fics on ao3, I would appreciate it so much if you'd give them a read (if you wanted to)!

<3